ABOUT HARRIET

By Clara Whitehill Hunt

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THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE WOODS. Illustrated in color.

ABOUT HARRIET. Illustrated in color by MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT.

WHAT SHALL WE READ TO THE CHILDREN?

About Harriet

ABOUT HARRIET

By

Clara Whitehill Hunt

With Illustrations by
Maginel Wright Enright

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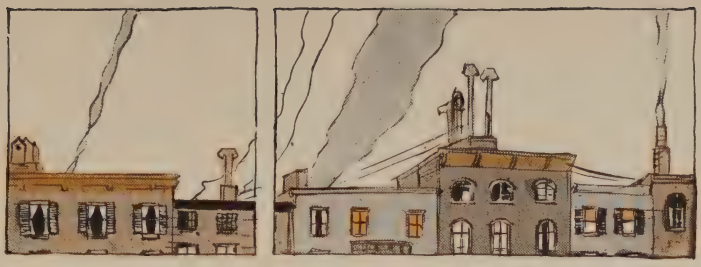
TO

Grace Rogers Hunt



Here are Seven Stories ABOUT HARRIET

The First Story tells
What she did on Friday

The Second Story tells
What she did on Saturday

The Third Story tells
What she did on Sunday

ABOUT HARRIET

The Fourth Story tells
What she did on Monday

The Fifth Story tells
What she did on Tuesday

The Sixth Story tells
What she did on Wednesday

The Seventh Story tells
What she did on Thursday

What Harriet did on Friday

ABOUT HARRIET

I

THIS IS THE FIRST STORY ABOUT HARRIET
IT TELLS WHAT SHE DID ON FRIDAY

HARRIET is a little girl four years old. She lives with her Father and Mother in a great huge city.

When Harriet opened her eyes one Friday morning, the first thing she thought about was her baby, who always sleeps in a wee, small crib be-

side Harriet's big crib. Harriet reached down to the little bed and called, "Time to wake up, Florella May."

Then she lifted dolly into her own bed, hugged her close, and told her the very same story that Father had read to Harriet at bedtime last night.

Florella May listened very quietly. She liked best of all Harriet's stories the one about "The Three Bears." It made her shiver when Mamma Harriet spoke in a great, gruff voice, like the Big Bear's, and she wished very much for a taste of Baby Bear's porridge.

After the story was finished, Harriet's Mother came and said, "Now, little daughter, it's almost time for *your* porridge."

So Mother helped her dress, but Harriet put on her shoes and stockings all by herself. There was not time to dress Florella May, because

Father was waiting for breakfast; but dolly seemed glad to take another nap.

When Harriet ran into the dining-room, Father called: —

"Hullo, Miss Dusenberry! How do you find yourself this fine day?"

And Harriet jumped into Father's arms and answered gayly: —

"I find myself ready to go to the beach with you, Mr. Father Robertson!"

Then Father laughed, —

"Oho! What do you suppose my big boys would think if their teacher went off to play on a school day?"

"They would think, 'We 'll go to the beach too'!" she answered quickly.

But Mother said: "Oh, we are n't ready to go to the beach to-day. You and I have a great deal of baking to do first, or there would n't be lunch enough. You know Old Ocean always

makes little girls and big Fathers want to eat a great many sandwiches and a great many cookies; and our cooky jar is almost empty."

"Shall we go to-morrow?" asked Harriet. "Is to-morrow Saturday?"

"Yes," answered Mother. "But come to breakfast now or our good food will be quite cold."

Then Father lifted Harriet into her high chair and tied on her bib, and Harriet said a little "Thank you" to God for the nice breakfast. Then she picked up her birthday spoon and began to eat her oatmeal.

When Harriet had eaten every bit, she smiled happily, for down at the bottom of her bowl was a picture which she always liked to see. There was a little Japanese garden and in the middle of it was a tiny bridge across a wee lake, and two funny little Japanese

children were leaning over the railing of the bridge throwing crumbs to the swans in the water. Harriet owned a great many picture dishes, because she had two Grandmothers and four aunties and three uncles, and many friends who loved to give her presents; but ever since Mother had read the story of "The Japanese Twins" Harriet liked this bowl best of all.

Soon Father jumped up, kissed Mother and Harriet good-bye, and started off to catch his train.

Harriet ran to the window to wave her hand and throw kisses till Father turned the corner and she could see him no longer.

Then the busy day began. In fact, there was so much to do that Florella May slept in her nightie all day long, because her little Mother did not find time to dress her.

First there were the dishes to wash and wipe. Harriet knew how to wipe the knives and forks and spoons till they were so bright that she could see her face in them. This was a great help to Mother.

Next there were beds to make and rooms to be put in order; and then it was time for cooky-making. This was the most fun of all.

Mother worked at a high table, with a big moulding-board and a large rolling-pin, a great bowl and wooden spoon, and cooking dishes of large size.

Harriet stood by her own little table and she had a little moulding-board and a little rolling-pin, a wee bowl and a tiny wooden spoon.

First Mother made the cooky dough, then she put some of it into Harriet's bowl. Harriet stirred briskly for a long time. Then she sifted some flour

through her tiny sifter on to her moulding-board. Then she rolled out the dough, very thin. And *then* she cut out the cookies.

First she used a crinkly-edged cutter as large and round as a fifty-cent piece.

Next she cut out a tiny heart, like a valentine the postman had brought her last Valentine's Day, — only the valentine was red and the cookies were yellow as gold.

Last of all she used the cutter that made a lot of little baby moon cookies, just like the tiny golden boat that Harriet loved to watch as it floated on the sky ocean at night.

Harriet was too little to attend to baking her cookies in the great hot oven, so Mother did that for her, while Harriet climbed into the rocking-chair in the sitting-room and

rocked and sang to herself, making-believe she was in the steamboat on the way to Maine where she and Father and Mother lived in summer.

After a while Mother called, "Do you want to see your cookies, dear? They are all out of the oven."

Harriet ran into the kitchen and gazed with delight at her hearts and rounds and baby moons; and, oh joy! there in their midst was a tall, thin, boy cooky and a short, plump, girl cooky that Mother had made as a surprise for her little daughter.

Harriet gave her Mother a bear hug of thankfulness, but she did not ask to eat anything then, because she knew that cookies hot from the oven are n't good for a little girl's "tummy."

After a long, satisfied look at the panful Harriet asked: —

"*Now*, what are we going to do, Mother dearie?"

"I think I must next smooth out the wrinkles in your brown linen dress," said Mother. "That is a good dress for the beach, and though it is not soiled, it is a little too mussed for the first part of the day."

"It 'll have lots and lots of wrinkles in it the last part of the day, won't it, Mother?" said Harriet gleefully.

"Yes, indeed!" laughed Mother. "After a day in the sand and the puddles it will be quite ready for Mrs. O'Brien to take home to wash on Monday."

While Mother ironed the linen dress, Harriet with her own little iron pressed the wrinkles out of Tommy Sweet Tooth's blue jumpers. Tommy Sweet Tooth was Harriet's boy doll. He had been a present from Aunt

Grace on Harriet's last birthday. On the same birthday Aunt Helen had given Harriet the story of a funny little boy doll whose name was Tommy Sweet Tooth, so it is n't any wonder that the birthday "truly boy" was given the same name as the birthday story boy.

Presently it was lunch-time, and after lunch nap-time; and then it was time for a walk in the sunshine.

Harriet loved to walk on the Parkway not far from the quiet little street on which she lived. The Parkway was a great wide avenue, almost wide enough for three streets. First there was the sidewalk in front of the row of high brick houses. Along the edge of the sidewalk was a strip of green grass with a row of tall trees standing with their roots in the soft grass. Beyond the trees was a paved road-

way for heavy wagons and grocers' and butchers' carts.

Then came a broad gravel walk, bordered with grass and roofed over with two rows of beautiful, stately trees. Along both sides of the gravel walk were benches; and on this bright June afternoon the benches were filled with mothers and nurses, while ever so many babies were sleeping and laughing and crowing in their pretty carriages, and ever so many little boys and girls were trundling hoops and dragging little carts and pushing doll carriages and running about merrily in the sunshine.

Beyond the gravel walk was a wide, wide road along which automobiles whizzed swiftly and splendid horses drew shining carriages on their way to the Park at the end of the Park-way. And again beyond the wide road

was another gravel walk and another narrow roadway, and another sidewalk.

So it is no wonder that Harriet felt it a long and dangerous journey to cross the Parkway; and even though the splendid policeman on his beautiful, glossy horse was on guard to take care of the people afoot, Harriet always clung tightly to Mother's hand till they were safe under the trees on the gravel.

There isn't time to tell about all the things that Harriet saw on that Friday afternoon. It was the first warm, bright day after many cloudy or rainy ones, so it seemed as if everybody had come out to enjoy the sunshine.

There was the peanut man with his shaggy pony and red cart and the squeaky whistle that kept blowing

while the peanuts were roasting in the little oven.

There was the balloon man carrying red and yellow and green and purple balloons on one arm, a basket of gay

paper windmills on the other arm, while a whistle in his mouth made the children think a canary bird must be flying about the Parkway. Once Harriet had seen an automobile stop at the curb to let a little boy buy a yellow balloon, which his father fastened to the front of the car. Then the automobile whirled away with the balloon bobbing in the wind before it.

There was the hurdy-gurdy — or street piano, some children called it — played by a dark-skinned Italian whose gayly dressed wife kept time with her tambourine and then passed it around for pennies. Harriet always liked to give pennies to the Italian woman, because she smiled so brightly and said, "Thanks, little Lady," so politely to Harriet.

There were so many things to see that Harriet thought the afternoon

had been very short when Mother said : —

"It is time to go home now, dear, or Father will get there before we do."

You may be sure that at the end of this busy day Harriet was quite willing to go to bed early ; only, of course, she had to have her bedtime story first.

This time she chose the story of

"The Elephant's Child." It was such fun to pull Father's nose, the way the crocodile pulled the inquisitive little elephant's, and to hear Father say, "Led go, you are hurtig be!" just the way the elephant child talked in the "Just so" story.

After the story came the good-night prayer, then oh, so many hugs and kisses for Father and Mother, and in two minutes more Harriet was fast asleep.

So that is the end of the First Story about Harriet and what she did on Friday.

What Harriet did on Saturday

II

THIS IS THE SECOND STORY ABOUT HARRIET
IT TELLS WHAT SHE DID ON SATURDAY

The very minute her eyes opened the next morning Harriet called: —

"Is the sun shining? Are we going to the beach to-day?"

And her Mother answered: —

"Yes, it is exactly the right kind of a day for the beach."

You may be sure it did not take Harriet long to dress on *that* morning. And poor Florella May got no attention at all. She lay in her little crib in her nightie for another long day, but she did n't seem to mind it a bit. As her little Mother often remarked, Florella May had a very nice disposition.

Harriet was so excited that she could not eat enough of her oatmeal to uncover the Japanese garden. She could hardly wait for Father and Mother to get ready to start, but it was really only a short time before they were closing the big front door and walking down the street toward the trolley car.

Father carried the suitcase which held the lunch-boxes, the towel, Harriet's rompers, Father's book, and Mother's knitting. Mother carried a

cloak for Harriet in case cool winds should blow up before the end of the day. And Harriet held a bright red pail and a shiny new shovel, and *you* know what *they* were for!

Down at the corner they stopped for the trolley car. Although it was so early in the morning the very first car that came along was almost full of happy little boys and girls with

their mothers and aunties and their lunches and pails and shovels. There were n't many fathers on the car, because not all the little children were so fortunate as Harriet in having a Father who could play with her on Saturdays now and then.

The motorman stopped the car, Father helped Mother into a seat and swung Harriet up into Mother's lap, then he stood in the aisle because all the seats were filled.

It was not a very pretty ride through the city streets, but Harriet was interested in everything she saw. Presently they passed the Park, and that was lovely. It was so pleasant to look in under the trees and see the children at play on the soft grass.

In less than an hour they were getting out of the car and walking through a great high open building

out on to the board walk from which they could see Old Ocean, with his little waves dancing and winking in the sunshine, and his big waves rumbling and roaring as they broke on the sand under the board walk.

After a long, happy first look at the water and some deep, long breaths of its salt breezes, Father said: —

"Come, we don't want to stay

here among the merry-go-rounds and side-shows. Let's go over to Sunset Beach where we can get down on the sand and enjoy the waves close at hand."

So they walked and walked, first on the board walk and then on the sand. Harriet kept her hand in Father's because this was her first visit to the Ocean for almost a year, and she was a little bit afraid that the big roaring waves might run up so high that they would gobble her up and take her down, down into the green water to feed the little fishes.

After a while they came to a nice quiet part of the beach and Father paid a man for two easy seats with awnings over them to shade them from the sun. Then Mother told Harriet she might take off her shoes and stockings and put on her rompers.

Oh, how good the soft sand felt to little feet that had been cooped up in shoes and stockings for most of a year! Very soon Harriet lost all fear of her old friend the Ocean, and was merrily playing "tag" with the little waves, which every now and then caught up with her and gave her feet a splashing.

After she had run and jumped and

pranced and squealed, "letting off steam," as Father called it, she ran to her Mother and said: —

"Mother, I 'm hungry!"

"I thought so!" said Mother, with a laugh. "Very well, you may have a little lunch now to make up for the breakfast you did not eat, but we 'll not have our real luncheon until later."

So Harriet sat down beside her Mother's chair and ate two thin bread-and-butter sandwiches and one large cooky, and then she drank some milk out of one of the little paper cups that Mother always kept on hand for picnics and traveling.

After her little lunch was finished, she took her pail and shovel down to where the sand was damp. First she filled the pail even full of sand and patted down the top, very smooth, with her shovel. Then she pressed

her hands into the smooth sand; and then she trotted up to her Father, saying: —

"See, Daddy, I have two hands in my pail and two hands on my arms."

"So I see," said Father. "You are quite a handy young person."

Next Harriet dug a deep hole, sat down and put her feet into it, and then scooped the sand back into the hole, burying her feet tightly under the sand.

"Oh, Daddy!" she shrieked. "I 've lost my feet. The little gnomes down in the ground are pulling them!"

"You don't say so!" said Father. "Then I suppose you 'll have to make those two extra hands serve in place of feet hereafter."

"I know! Like Jocko! His back feet are almost like hands," said Harriet.

Jocko was a little monkey at the "Zoo." He was very tame and all the children loved him. You shall hear about him in another story.

Next Harriet decided that she would make a house. With the edge of her shovel she marked out a square on the sand. This was the kitchen of her house. Then she made a little mound of sand against one wall of her kitchen, cut off the top and the sides of the mound so that they were flat instead of rounding, and this was the kitchen stove. She marked six little circles on the top of the stove for

the places on which to set the cooking dishes over the gas flames.

After looking with pride at her stove, she was about to begin on a table, when a little girl with sparkling black eyes ran up to her and, after a look at Harriet's work, said: —

"Hello! Are you making a house?"

"Yes," answered Harriet.

"I'll make one next door and then we can visit each other."

"All right," said Harriet, very much pleased to have a playmate.

The two little girls worked busily side by side for some minutes. By the time Harriet had finished her kitchen, and Marjorie — that was the new little girl's name — had marked out a good many rooms, but had not furnished any of them, the little neighbors began making calls on each other. And before long Marjorie exclaimed: —

"Oh, let's dig some wells and see the waves come up and fill them!"

So they left their houses unfinished and began to dig a number of deep holes, keeping watch to run out of the way when a wave now and then ran up high and filled the holes.

In a short time Marjorie said:—

"My Mother brought my tin dishes in her bag. Let's make some pies and cakes in them."

Marjorie scampered off and soon came running back with her tiny doll kitchen dishes in her hands. She gave half of them to Harriet. In a few minutes each little cook had made a row of pies and cakes and cookies which looked so good that Marjorie exclaimed:—

"They look good enough to eat. Let's!"

By this time Harriet was so charmed

with her lively new friend that she was ready to do anything Marjorie suggested, so those two little girls put as much as a spoonful of damp sand into their silly little mouths!

Then how they spluttered and made wry faces, and Marjorie said: —

"Ugh! It's almost as bad as medicine. Oh, I'll tell you! Play you're sick and I'm the doctor and I'll come to visit you."

"W-e-ll — but don't make me take any bad medicine," said Harriet doubtfully.

"No; I'll just say you are run down and need to go to the country at once to rest."

This sounded very nice. The next thing to do was to make a bed. This they did by digging a long, shallow place in the warm, dry part of the sand. First Harriet lay down in the

bed, then Marjorie tried it; but it was not big enough for Marjorie, who was two years older than Harriet.

So Marjorie changed her mind about being the doctor, and decided that she would be a patient too, lying in a hospital bed next to Harriet's.

Harriet and Marjorie had a beautiful morning, and when their Mothers called them to lunch they agreed to play together again after they had eaten.

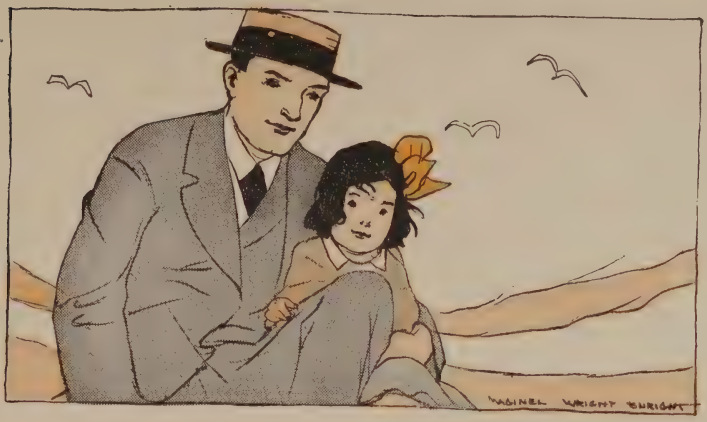
Oh, what a good lunch Mother had brought, all wrapped in waxed paper that had kept the sandwiches so fresh. There were lettuce sandwiches and chicken sandwiches and egg sandwiches, and little round sandwiches made of brown bread and cream cheese. There were olives and cookies and oranges and pink-and-white candies. There was milk to drink for

Harriet and hot coffee from the thermos bottle for Father and Mother. And they ate and ate till every crumb was gone. And after it was all eaten Harriet did n't seem to care about playing!

She climbed up into Father's lap and said: —

"Tell me a story, Daddy, please."

So Father, looking out over the wide, wide waters, away out to where the sky seemed to come down and rest on the ocean, told about brave sailors, and lighthouses shining out in the dark to save ships from going to pieces upon the rocks; and about tiny little coral animals that build big islands; and about divers who go down to the bottom of the sea for the pearls that are hidden away in oyster shells. And as Harriet watched the lovely sea gulls, now flying high in the air, now floating



like little boats on the water, Mother recited a poem that she had learned when she was a little girl. It was called "The Sea Gull," and it made Harriet look at the gulls with new wonder to think how fearless they were on the stormy waves and the night-black sea.

After a time Marjorie came running up, and Father said: —

"You must introduce me to your new friend, Harriet."

So Harriet said, "This is Marjorie, Daddy and Mother."

And Marjorie shook hands with Harriet's Father and Mother, and then Father and the little girls had a game of romps.

Father was a galloping horse with each little girl taking a turn as a rider on his back. And when Father made-believe that his drivers had worn him out, although they teased him to play with them longer, he galloped back to his seat beside Mother, and tumbling the little girls into the sand, he exclaimed: —

"Shoo! Shoo! You insatiable tyrants! I've got to get to work on this book."

So Marjorie and Harriet went back to their shovels, and they had such a good time that they were quite surprised when Harriet's Mother called: —

"Come, dear, it's time for us to get

ready to go home. We don't want to wait till the cars are crowded, as they will be later."

Harriet was sorry to say good-bye to Marjorie, but there was no help for it.

Soon the little bare feet were rubbed with the towel, the rompers came off and the shoes and stockings went on, the suitcase was packed, and Father, Mother, and Harriet were walking to the car.

Very soon after they were settled in the car Harriet fell asleep in Father's arms. The salt air and the play and the no afternoon nap had made her so sleepy that she only half-waked up when they got to their corner.

Father carried her over his shoulder to their home. And Mother undressed her and laid her in her little bed and she did not know anything about

what was happening to her, she was *so* sleepy!

So that is the end of the Second Story about Harriet and what she did on Saturday.

What Harriet did on Sunday

III

THIS IS THE THIRD STORY ABOUT HARRIET IT TELLS WHAT SHE DID ON SUNDAY

ALTHOUGH Harriet had gone to sleep so early, she did not waken until late the next morning. Father and Mother had eaten their breakfast while Harriet was still far away in Dreamland. After a while a very bright little ray of sunshine ran across Harriet's face and she opened her eyes quickly and sat up in bed.

"Mother dear, what day is this?" she called.

"Oh, good morning, dear," said Mother. "This is Sunday and a very beautiful Sunday it is, too."

"Are we going to church to-day?" asked Harriet.

"Yes," said her Mother; "since you have waked up at last. I began to think Father would have to go alone."

Then Harriet ran to the bathroom, where she was soon splashing in the big white tub. And when her Mother had rubbed her dry and when her hair had been brushed till it shone, Harriet said:—

"Now I'm as clean as the children of Grubbylea, after Clean Peter had scrubbed them."

"Clean Peter" was another of Harriet's picture-book friends.

Then her Mother helped put on

the dainty underclothes and the white socks and ankle ties, but she did not put on Harriet's dress. She said:—

"I think I 'll let you wear your blue kimono until after breakfast, then we 'll be sure not to have any spots on the new white dress."

So Harriet ate her breakfast sitting at the table all by herself. She was a very hungry little girl, too, because it

was such a long time since she had last eaten.

Beside her big, juicy orange and a large dish of oatmeal, she ate a delicious soft-boiled egg and a slice of toast, "just the right shade of brown," she said; and she drank almost two cupfuls of milk.

"Well! Well!" said Father. "Somebody has a big appetite this morning! If one day of ocean breezes makes our daughter so hungry, what do you suppose will happen, Little Mother, if we spend a whole summer on the Maine coast?"

"I hope it will mean that we'll bring home a little girl with more flesh on her bones than Harriet has now," said Mother. "She has not been hungry enough since she had the measles last spring."

The next thing to do was to put on

the new white dress. This was a very pretty dress, because Aunt Maud, who knew how to do all sorts of lovely things with her fingers, had made it for Harriet. There were tiny white roses embroidered here and there upon it. And when the white hat went on, with its wreath of little pink rosebuds matching the pink bow in her hair, Harriet's Father and Mother thought their little girl looked sweeter than the June day itself.

The walk to church was very pleasant. All the streets looked especially clean and tidy. The sky above was so blue, so blue, and a gentle breeze made the fresh green leaves dance and sparkle in the sunshine.

Some of the people were out in their tiny square front yards tending their bits of flower beds which made even the city streets look gay. Many

fathers and mothers and children, many young ladies and gentlemen, all dressed in their best, were walking along the streets, some on their way to church, others going to the train for a day in the country, perhaps.

It was only a few blocks from Harriet's house to the church. As they went into the door the great organ was playing one of the lovely things that Harriet's Mother often played on the piano at home. So Harriet enjoyed listening, and feeling the throb of the organ as it almost seemed to make the church building tremble with its music.

Soon the minister came into the pulpit and all the people rose and sang, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." Harriet sang at the top of her voice. She knew that "blessings" meant her dear Father and Mother, her pleas-

ant home, her kind aunties and uncles and grandparents, her books and toys and days at the beach and the Park, and all the many, many things that made her a happy little girl. And so she joined in thanking God for sending her these blessings.

The first part of the church service was always more interesting than the last. There was a chance to stand for the hymns when a little girl got tired of sitting still. There were the pennies

to drop into the collection plate as it was passed. The minister, too, always preached a little sermon for the children, and he told stories so clearly that even little four-year-old girls liked to listen, and so did big fathers and mothers.

To sit still through the grown-ups' sermon was rather tiresome and many of the boys and girls went home after the children's sermon. Harriet, however, stayed with her parents, because there was no big sister to take her home.

She did not mind the quiet time very much, because she had a busy little mind for making up stories, and Mother always brought a small picture book and paper and pencil for Harriet to amuse herself with.

The book to-day was "Peter Rabbit," and what was more delightful,

Harriet had her Peter Rabbit handkerchief with her. She knew every word of the story, so she made-believe read the words herself. Then she pretended to show the book Peter Rabbit his picture on her handkerchief, whispering to the two pictures very softly.

After a while she drew pictures; and then she got tired of everything and climbed into Father's arms, snuggling down and resting quietly till the end of the service.

How good it felt to be able to move about and talk again! Harriet had to shake hands with a great many friends on the way down the aisle; and when the minister in the vestibule saw her, he picked her up in his arms and kissed her, while Harriet hugged him so hard that his face got quite red with the squeezing. He seemed to like the

hugging, though, because he and Harriet were special friends.

On the walk home the streets were even fuller of people than they had been earlier in the day. Every one looked glad of the bright Sunday when there was time to be out of doors and one did not have to hurry off to a long day's work.

As soon as they reached home, Harriet went to Florella May's crib and picked up her dolly, saying, "Why, my

poor little daughter, did you think Mother had forgotten you?" And she tried to make up to her neglected child by being very loving.

She took off Florella May's nightie and dressed her carefully, from her hair-ribbon to her little shoes; then she sat in her rocking-chair and rocked her baby till Mother said that dinner was ready.

Florella May had to have a chair at the table next to Harriet's chair, and Harriet gave her child many tastes of the food from her own plate.

Dinner on Sunday was always a simple meal, but the dessert was sure to be a fine surprise. After the dishes for the first course had been taken to the kitchen, Harriet could hardly sit still. And when Father brought in, on a platter, a great pink mound with bits of red showing in it, Harriet bobbed

up and down in her high chair, crying, "Strawberry ice cream! Oh, goody, goody!"

Sure enough, it was ice cream with real strawberries crushed in it, and Father had made it in their own freezer while Harriet had been asleep. Beside, there were little cakes that came in tin boxes from the grocery store; and Harriet ate very slowly so as to make the good taste last as long as possible.

After dinner on Sundays Harriet and her Father always played a game that was great fun. First they took Mother by the hand and led her into the sitting-room. They made her sit down in a big easy chair, and Harriet brought a cushion for Mother's back, while Father found the book Mother wished to read. Then they said to Mother: —

"Now you stay here and have a nice rest. We are going to do the dishes."

Then the play began. Harriet was Mother in this game, and Father was Harriet's little daughter Polly! It was such fun to make-believe that big tall Father was a little bit of a girl who had to mind just what Mother Harriet said!

First Harriet tied an apron on Father — I mean, on "Polly." Then she said: —

"Now, Polly, if you are a good little girl and help me clear the table and wash the dishes, I know where there is something very nice that Mrs. Robertson made for a good child."

"Oh, I'll be *awful* good," said Polly, in a little squeaky voice, very different from Father's big, deep, everyday voice.

Then Polly began to work so briskly that Mother Harriet said: —

"Take care, Polly! You 'll be dropping the dishes and smashing them if you hurry so."

Then Polly worked so slowly and made-believe be so anxious and solemn that Harriet giggled at Polly's funny actions. In fact, before the work was done and the game was over, Harriet laughed so much she could hardly stand.

When they went back into the sitting-room she said to Mother: —

"Daddy's a very jokish man, is n't he, Mother?"

"Indeed he is," said Mother. "I think he's only half-grown up, in spite of his size, don't you?"

Now there was a quiet hour while Harriet played with her dolls, and Father and Mother read their books.

Then there was a Sunday School hour when Father told Harriet Bible stories, about Joseph and his coat of many colors, about Daniel in the lion's den, about the little shepherd boy who slew the big giant, and best of all about the Baby in the manger on the first Christmas Day.

After the stories there was music. Mother played beautifully on the piano and Father had a fine deep voice. Harriet had a pretty voice, too, so they sang, "Watchman, tell us of the night," and "Now the day is over," and others of Harriet's favorite hymns.

Then Harriet and her Father took turns choosing what Mother was to play for them. First Harriet chose the "Spring Song," because it made her think of fairies dancing on the soft green grass of early spring. Then Father asked for the "Funeral March,"

that reminded one of a slow, solemn procession and a whole nation weeping for the loss of one of its great men. Then Harriet chose "To a wild rose," so delicate, so sweet, like the dainty flower that grows along country roads in June.

After the music it was supper-time. Sunday-night supper was fun, too. They did not set the table in the dining-room. They went into the kitchen and had a picnic supper. Sometimes they played they were gypsies. Sometimes they were Indians. Sometimes they were the Pilgrims just landed in America, before there were houses to live in. They always toasted bread with the toasting-fork, but they made-believe the bread was bear meat or deer meat which Father, the hunter, had brought home from the woods. And the jam was wild honey which they had

found stored by the bees in a hollow tree; and the fruit was berries picked from bushes near their camp.

Oh, how good everything tasted with all these make-believe names!

Soon after supper Harriet was quite sleepy enough to go to bed. But first she gave Father "bushels of kisses," because she said it would be so long before he could be at home again all day to do nice, jolly things for Mother and Harriet.

And almost as soon as her head touched her pillow the sandman came and Harriet was sound asleep.

So this is the end of the Third Story about Harriet and what she did on Sunday.

What Harriet did on Monday

IV

THIS IS THE FOURTH STORY ABOUT HARRIET
IT TELLS WHAT SHE DID ON MONDAY

When Harriet woke on Monday morning she did not see any gay little sunbeam dancing across her crib. Instead, her room was darkened by tiny streams of water which the gray rain clouds were pouring down upon her window panes.

Harriet hopped out of bed at once and ran to the front window, saying

to herself, "I wonder if Dicky has on his new raincoat and rubber boots this morning."

Dicky was a little neighbor who lived across the street. He had had his fifth birthday on the very day that Harriet was four years old. His present had been a rainy-day suit. There were rubber boots, a broad-brimmed rubber hat, and a rubber coat. So Dicky loved a pouring rain when he could splash through the rivers in the gutters; and Harriet loved to watch Dicky's fun.

This morning no Dicky was in sight. The wet, shiny street was almost empty except for the baker's cart across the way. The baker's driver was just coming out of the basement where he had been leaving warm rolls for Dicky's breakfast, and when the driver jumped into his seat the poor wet horse started

up as if he were in a hurry to get home to his dry stable.

Then Harriet hurried back to dress and eat her breakfast in time to be at the window when the children would all be passing on their way to school. It was fun to watch the umbrellas bobbing along with all sorts of feet walking under them. Harriet always imagined that she was looking down upon lots of queer little wonderland creatures, who had feet and legs, but no bodies, and whose heads were umbrellas.

After a while all the children were in school, and all the grown people were in their trains and trolleys or in their offices beginning the day's work, and the street was again deserted.

Harriet pressed her face against the window pane hoping to see something interesting. But it was n't an interest-

ing street. It was not at all like the country, where one sees great shady trees, and fields of daisies and butter-cups; where birdies sing their lovely songs and bushy-tailed squirrels frisk along stone walls; where little boys and girls have brooks to wade and loads of hay to ride upon and big barns to play in. Harriet's Father had lived in country like that when he was a boy.

And Harriet's Mother had lived in a little city, not a big one. In that little city every family had a whole house with an upstairs and downstairs and a yard, and the children could plant flowers and keep chickens and rabbits in their yards, and eat plums and grapes and pears from their own trees and vines.

The street down which Harriet was gazing seemed all made of stone and brick. There was a row of trees along each sidewalk, but the trees were not as high as the houses; and there were oh! such tiny squares of grass within the iron fences. And from one corner of the street up to the next corner it looked as if there were two long, long, high brick walls, trimmed with stone, and in each of these brick walls there were many, many windows, and near the ground were many doors with

short flights of steps leading down to the sidewalks.

Behind those brick walls lived ever so many families. Some lived on the first floor, some on the second floor, some on the third, and some way up on the fourth floor. Harriet and her Father and Mother lived on the second floor. They called their home an "apartment" or "flat."

Just as Harriet was turning away from the window she heard a shrill whistle out in the kitchen. She knew what that meant. James, the janitor

down in the basement, was whistling for the rubbish to be sent down on the dumb waiter. Out in the country people burn their own rubbish or feed some of the table leavings to the pigs or chickens. But in the city the janitor collects the waste from each apartment, then great carts come along the streets and carry the stuff away.

The dumb waiter is like a big box with two shelves for holding things, and it travels up to the top of the

house or down to the basement when the janitor pulls a rope.

As Harriet's Mother was putting a bundle of old newspapers upon the dumb waiter, the doorbell rang and another sort of whistle was heard down in the hall at the street door.

"Oh, there 's the postman," said Harriet. "May I go down to get the letters, Mother?"

"You can't reach the mail box, dear," said Mother. "I 'll be ready in a minute."

Again the bell rang and the postman whistled again, so Mother said: —

"Run to the door, honey. Evidently the postman has something that will not go into the box."

So Harriet opened the door of the apartment and the postman called up: —

"Package for Miss Harriet Rob-

ertson. Any young lady of that name up there?"

And Harriet went down the stairs as fast as her short legs would carry her, for this was the nice funny postman who seemed a little like Santa Claus, he so often brought parcels for Harriet in his bag.

Down in the vestibule Miss Douglas had just taken the letters out of her mail box and was locking the box with its little key. When she saw Harriet she said: —

"Good morning, dear. Don't you think a rainy day like this is a good day for an afternoon tea-party?"

"Oh, yes!" said Harriet quickly, her eyes shining with delight at the thought.

"Very well. Please tell your Mother that Auntie Douglas and Miss Sally would be much pleased if Mrs. Robertson and Miss Robertson would bring their sewing down to the Douglas plantation this afternoon."

Harriet laughed. Her Father always called the little apartment in which Auntie Douglas lived "the plantation" because Auntie Douglas and Miss Sally and Linda, their black servant, had lived on a cotton plantation way down South years ago.

Now Harriet climbed upstairs hugging her parcel and eager to tell Mother of Miss Sally's invitation.

It was very exciting to cut the strings and open the package. Harriet could not imagine what Grandma or the aunties were sending this time. When all the papers were taken off, there was a new sweater, a bright red one, with a pocket on each side, which Grandma's dear fingers had knitted for Harriet.

"Just the thing for Maine," said Mother, as Harriet put on the warm, gay little coat. "Your old sweater has grown quite too small. We will give it to James's little girl."

The new sweater suggested Harriet's favorite play, which was "Going to Maine." So the dining-room chairs were placed in a row to make a train of cars. After a while the young lady passenger changed from the cars to the steamboat, which was the big rocker; next she changed to the small

steamboat, which was the little rocker; and last of all she took a short ride on the sailboat "Merry Wings," her own tiny rocker; and soon she jumped out at the little landing in front of Uncle Jack's bungalow, and there was Mrs. Barrows with her arms wide open to hug Harriet and the red sweater in a great big hug.

Harriet's plays were so real to her that, after she had imagined herself all the way to Maine, and then found that she was still in the city dining-room, with the rain beating against the window and keeping her indoors, she flung herself across her Mother's lap saying dolefully: —

"Oh, Mother, I 'm so lonesome. I wish I had a little brother to play with me on rainy days."

"I wish you had, my darling," said Mother sadly; "on rainy days

and sunny days and all the days, always."

Mother was thinking about the baby boy who had gone to Heaven before Harriet came to Father and Mother. Harriet often looked at the baby's laughing picture on Mother's bureau and found it hard to think that this baby was her older brother, older than Dicky across the street.

She lay in Mother's arms and rocked for a while, until Mother said: —

"I must telephone to Mr. O'Rourke, dearie, and ask him when he is going to send over our potatoes and string beans for dinner."

So Harriet slipped down from her Mother's lap and went to the bookcase. There were books everywhere in her house, but Harriet kept most of her favorites on the lowest shelf in the dining-room bookcase. It did not

take her long to choose the picture books she wanted to show once more to Florella May.

First there was the "Dutchie Doings" picture book that told all about Jan and Mina of Holland and their little city cousin. Next there was "The Four and Twenty Toilers," that showed how the cobbler and the shipbuilder and the farmer and the miller and twenty other workers did their work. Then there was the German picture book called "Hausmütterchen," whose name, Harriet knew, meant "The Little House Mother."

Harriet took the books to the long cushioned seat in the bay window. Then she brought Florella May. Then the little girl mother and her dolly daughter lay flat on their "tummies," kicking their heels in the air, with the Dutch picture book spread open

before them on the broad window seat.

What fun it was to make-believe be the little city cousin visiting Jan and Mina on the farm! How Harriet enjoyed seeing the pigs and the chickens and the cows! How scared she was by the old turkey gobbler, and by the donkey that tried to kick Jan off his back! And how surprised she was when Jan fell off the pier and had to be fished out of the water. She felt as if she had been to little Holland and had seen the windmills and the canals and the dogs drawing the milk carts and the people's clattering wooden shoes. Some day, Father said, they would all go to see the real Holland.

And Harriet wanted to go to England too, where "The Four and Twenty Toilers" lived. She liked the nice gar-

dener who gave the little boy a ride on the pony that drew the big lawn mower; the bird man with his shop full of all sorts of queer birds; the verger of the old stone church who let the children climb the narrow, crooked stairs to the top of the tower to see him wind the great clock.

It always took a long time to look at "The Four and Twenty Toilers," because Harriet had to imagine herself so many different people before she finished it.

There was n't much time left for "Hausmütterchen" because Mother said lunch would be ready in a very few minutes and Harriet must get washed and tidied up before coming to the table. Harriet was sorry because she and her Mother often played they were the German mother and daughter when Harriet learned to

cook and wash and iron and sweep just as the little girl did in the pictures.

After lunch Harriet had a nap. When she woke up she and Mother got ready to go downstairs to see Auntie Douglas and Miss Sally.

How glad the ladies were to see their little neighbor! Auntie Douglas was an invalid and seldom got out of doors. She was a very happy invalid, though, and all the children loved her. She could tell the "Uncle Remus" stories almost as well as old Uncle Remus himself. Miss Sally, too, knew just what little girls liked, and so did Linda, the cook!

As soon as Harriet had pretended to take off her rubbers and raincoat, — you know she really had not been out of doors at all in coming down to Auntie Douglas's apartment, — Miss Sally said: —

"What would you like to do first, dearie?"

"I 'd like to look at the treasure drawer," answered Harriet promptly.

"Very well, you may," said Miss Sally. "You are such a careful little girl nothing is ever disturbed by your fingers."

The treasure drawer was in a beautiful old mahogany secretary. It was filled with little boxes, and each little box contained something interesting to look at. There was a wee, tiny book carved out of a bone by a sailor who gave it to Miss Sally when she was a little girl. There was the nest of a trap-door spider with its wonderful hinge working so smoothly and its door fitting so perfectly. Miss Sally's uncle had brought it from California years before. There was a sandalwood box that smelled so sweet even though

it was a long, long time since Auntie Douglas's brother had brought it from India. There were lovely beads from Venice and a necklace of beautiful tiny shells from Tasmania. There was a little ivory elephant; and a bear made by a wood-carver who lived away up in the Tyrolese Mountains. Harriet was delighted when her Aunt Helen found her the story of "Donkey John of the Toy Valley," because she was sure the bear must have been carved by one of John's neighbors, in the high valley where everybody helped make toys to send to little children all over the world.

There is not time to tell you all the good things about that visit in Auntie Douglas's apartment. Harriet enjoyed visiting the kitchen, too, and helping Linda get the tea and cakes ready. And though it was such a rainy

afternoon it had seemed a very short and sunny one when Harriet and her Mother thanked their hostesses and said good-bye to them.

After dinner Father said, "Don't you think it's cold and damp enough for a fire, Mumsey dear?"

And Mother said, "Of course it is!

Anything for an excuse to have an open fire!"

So Father laid the paper and the kindlings and Harriet lighted the fire on the hearth, and when the blaze was bright they put on more wood. Then they all sat before the little fire and talked about how nice it would be when they got to Maine and had a great roaring fire in their bungalow fireplace, which was ever and ever so much bigger than the tiny fireplace in their little apartment.

And before long the fire, or something, made Harriet very sleepy. So she undressed and climbed into her little white crib and in three winks she was far, far away in Dreamland.

So that is the end of the Fourth Story about Harriet and what she did on Monday.

What Harriet did on Tuesday

O'ROURKE

V

THIS IS THE FIFTH STORY ABOUT HARRIET IT TELLS WHAT SHE DID ON TUESDAY

When Harriet woke on Tuesday morning it was not raining any more. As soon as she saw the bright sunshine she hopped joyfully out of bed and called to her mother: —

"We shan't have to stay in the house all day to-day, shall we, Mumsey?"

"No, indeed," said Mother; "and that is very fortunate, for you and I have ever so many errands to do this morning."

So, as soon as breakfast was over, the dishes washed and the beds made, the postman and the janitor and the iceman and the milkman attended to, Harriet and her Mother started out on their errands. Harriet carried her beautiful pink sunshade which Aunt Grace had given her. Mother carried her shopping-bag in one hand and that left her other hand free to hold Harriet's when they crossed the streets where automobiles and grocers' and butchers' wagons went whizzing by.

It was not a long walk to the street where the shops were. The errands this morning were not downtown errands to the great, huge department stores. Harriet's Mother wanted gro-

ceries and meat and fruit, not dresses and coats and shoes and furniture. There was a long avenue which had a row of all sorts of small shops down each side of it, and a trolley ran through the middle of the avenue.

Mother and Harriet stopped first at Mr. O'Rourke's grocery store. As soon as they went into the door, one of the clerks named Jans Jorgensen came forward to wait upon them. Jans had very light hair and bright red cheeks. Harriet liked him very much, and he thought Harriet was

the nicest little girl who came into the store.

Mother ordered of Jans a dozen of the freshest eggs, two pounds of Mr. O'Rourke's best butter, a pound of seedless raisins, and three and a half pounds of sugar. She told Jans not to have the things sent over to her house until noon, because she did not expect to get home until then. As they started to go away, Jans went to a basket and chose the largest and prettiest peach he could find to give to Harriet. Harriet thanked him very prettily, and Jans smiled a broad smile to see his little friend so delighted.

Next Harriet and her Mother stopped at Mr. Schlachter's meat market. Mr. Schlachter was a great, big man, tall and broad and fat. When Harriet first saw him she was a very little girl and he gave her a great

fright, though of course he did not mean to do so. Mr. Schlachter had stood behind his counter, with a great sharp knife in one hand and the long knife-sharpener in the other, and he looked so big and his face was so red that Harriet thought he was the ogre whose picture was in her Jack-and-the-Beanstalk story. She screamed with fright and hid her face in her Mother's skirts so that Mother did not buy any meat that day, but she took Harriet home at once. Then Mother explained that Mr. Schlachter was a good, kind man, with little girls of his own who loved him, and that there were n't really any ogres except in story books. So now Harriet was not afraid of Mr. Schlachter, but she did not like him as well as Jans.

Perhaps she would have liked him better if she had had a little dog or a

cat at home, because Mr. Schlachter was very generous about feeding animals. Not far from his shop there was a big stable where lived two spotted coach dogs,—just like Peter Spots in the book about "Fighting a Fire,"—and these dogs thought Mr. Schlachter was the best kind of a friend. Harriet often saw the dogs and patted them when she went to the meat market.

Harriet's Mother ordered a chicken and she told Mr. Schlachter also not to send it till noon. Then they walked on to the fruit store.

The fruit store belonged to a dark-haired man who had come far across the great ocean and a great sea from the brave little country of Greece. In fact, most of the people who sold things along the avenue had come from far-away countries. Father and Mother always had a story for every-

thing, and Harriet had heard many an old wonder tale that the fathers and mothers of Mr. Sorakês's country told to their little children. Perhaps the reason why the shopkeepers liked to wait upon Harriet's Mother was because she was interested in their countries and talked to them about their far-away homes.

Mr. Sorakês's window always looked as pretty as a flower garden. He knew just how to arrange his dark-red cherries and pale-yellow lemons, his rosy-cheeked apples and huge bunches of California grapes, his boxes of dates and figs, his many-colored jars of jelly, his walnuts and almonds and berries, and — oh! more delicious things than Harriet could ever count. She always stayed outside the shop while Mother went inside and she gazed into the great glass window

enjoying the colors and trying to name the different kinds of things, but there was always some new name to learn.

Mother ordered a box of strawberries and a dozen of lemons from Mr. Sorakês, and then they went on to their next stopping-place.

This was not a shop for selling things to eat. It was a tiny little place where an Italian cobbler mended shoes. Mother had left a pair of her shoes here a few days before for Mr. Sarrachino to put new soles and heels upon them. Mr. Sarrachino gave Harriet a bright smile and he bowed low to Harriet's Mother. He was always a very polite and cheerful man. He had a whole row of dark-eyed little boys and girls of his own who lived in the rooms back of his shop. He worked hard at his bench from early morning till late at night, because

there were so many hungry mouths to feed, but you never saw him cross or surly. He was so proud to have his boys and girls go to the fine public schools and learn to be good Americans that he did not care how hard he worked to feed and clothe them. Harriet's Mother gave most of Harriet's outgrown clothes to the Sarrachino babies, and at Christmas time Harriet always filled a big stocking full of toys and goodies for the family.

When they had inquired about the latest baby, Mrs. Sarrachino was called from the back room to show the little fellow. She came in smiling, with little Giuseppe in her arms, and Harriet's Mother praised the baby's mother for keeping her baby so clean. It was hard work to care for so many children, but Mrs. Sarrachino was quick to learn, and the school nurse had

told her how important it was to keep house and children clean and to feed the children properly; and their teachers said that the bright-eyed little Sarrachinos were the cleanest little Italians in the whole school.

After bidding good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Sarrachino, who stood bowing and smiling till they had left the shop, Harriet and her Mother walked along the avenue quite a distance before they came to Mother's next errand place.

They stopped and looked into many of the windows on the way. The florists' windows were lovely, but not so fine as they were in winter, because in June many people have flowers in their own gardens, and in the winter ladies go to more balls and to the opera and they give dinner-parties, so in winter the florists sell more flowers.

Harriet always liked the bakeshop windows, but Mother seldom bought anything from a bakery. She knew it was better for little girls and school-teacher fathers to eat home cooking, and Mother was a fine cook. This morning Harriet could hardly tear herself away from the bakery window, because there was a huge wedding cake in the middle of it, and on top of the white frosted cake was a wedding party! There was the tiny bridegroom in a black coat, and there was

the bride with her long white veil, and there was a candy wedding bell hung above the bride and groom, and the cake was gay with pink-and-white candy flowers. Oh, it was a beautiful sight! Harriet decided at once to have a doll wedding some day at home.

There were delicatessen shops, too, on the avenue, which Harriet liked. You could buy a whole cooked meal in one of these shops — a pot of baked beans, or a roast of beef, slices of cold ham, potato salad and other kinds of salad, bread and butter and pie and pickles and cheese and doughnuts. The windows made a person hungry just to look at them, but Mother hardly ever bought anything here, either, except cream cheese.

Next they passed a cleaner's window. That means a place where peo-

ple take the kind of waists and dresses and skirts that cannot be washed in a tub of water, but which the cleaner can make look almost as good as new by some other ways of cleaning than using soap and water. Even feathers and gloves and satin slippers are made to look fresh and new by these wonderful people.

Harriet did not usually care to look into the cleaner's window, because grown people's clothes aren't very interesting, but to-day she caught sight of something that made her stop her Mother and cry out: —

"Oh, Mother, see! There's a Mother Goose dressing-gown almost like the one Grandma made for me when I was a little girl!"

Sure enough, there was a little blue kimono hanging in the window, and on its collar and sleeves and down the

front and around the hem of it were lots of Mother Goose children — Little Boy Blue with his horn, Miss Muffett and her spider, Simple Simon, Jack and Jill, and the rest.

Harriet was delighted, but her Mother laughed and said: —

"Do you remember how you cried the first night you saw your kimono because Boy Blue's head was cut off? Grandma had not noticed, when she turned the hem, what happened to Boy Blue's head, so I had to rip the hem and restore his head before you would wear the pretty dressing-gown."

"Yes, I remember," said Harriet, and she laughed a little, but then she looked sober. Even though she was now so big she did not like to think of a picture Boy Blue without a head; and she looked very carefully at the

dressing-gown in the window and was glad to see that all the children on it were quite whole.

Next Mother stopped at Mr. Levy's, the tailor's, to ask him to send for a suit of Father's that needed to be mended and pressed. Mr. Levy made new suits and coats and skirts, and he could also mend and smooth out wrinkled clothes till they looked almost like new ones.

There were only two more errands to do. One was at the branch post-office in the drug store, where Mother bought stamps and postal cards. Harriet wanted some ice cream from the soda fountain part of the drug store, but Mother said No, not in the morning and so near lunch-time.

Last of all they went to a little shop where the woman sold all sorts of materials for doing pretty needle-

work. There were embroidery silks and needles and scissors; there were embroidery patterns to stamp on towels and napkins and tablecloths, on little girls' white dresses and ladies' pretty waists; there were knitting-needles and worsted for making sweaters and scarfs and bedroom slippers; and there were lots of other things. During the winters in the city Mother was too busy for fancy work, but there were long days in Maine when she had plenty of time to knit as well as to go picnicking and sailing and swimming; so that this morning Mother bought materials for making a white-and-blue porch jacket for Aunt Maud.

At last all the errands were done and Mother and Harriet went home. After lunch Harriet was so tired that she took quite a long nap. Then they sat on a Parkway bench once more

until it was time for Father, and dinner, and then for story-telling.

Harriet's visit to Mr. Sarrachino's shop made her think of the story of a little Italian marionette named "Pinocchio," so, although Father had read it to her many, many times, she called for it again, and once more she and Father laughed and laughed about the bad little wooden boy who, after many funny adventures, decided to be good and was then changed into a really, truly, live boy.

And after hugs and kisses and good-night prayers, Harriet sailed off to Dreamland again.

So that is the end of the Fifth Story about Harriet and what she did on Tuesday.

What Harriet did on Wednesday

VI

THIS IS THE SIXTH STORY ABOUT HARRIET
IT TELLS WHAT SHE DID ON WEDNESDAY

Almost before her eyes were open on Wednesday morning Harriet called out: —

"What are we going to do to-day, Mother dear?"

And Mother answered: —

"Wait until you've eaten your breakfast, honey, and then we'll see."

Harriet jumped out of bed very quickly at that. She suspected that something nice was going to happen if she ate a good, hearty breakfast. You see, Harriet was not often a hungry little girl, and when she knew that there was to be a picnic or something else very gay she was too excited to eat at all. So Mother did not usually tell of any exciting plan until after breakfast.

This morning Harriet resolved to eat — oh, ever so much, so that Mother would decide it was safe to do the nice thing that she probably had in her mind. So Harriet ate and ate till Father joked her and poked her and said he thought she would taste as good, roasted, as a fat little stuffed pig. And finally, as Harriet kept eating and eating, her Mother laughed and said: —

"There, there, dear! You've eaten enough to last until noon! What do you say to going downtown this morning, shopping, and eating our lunch in Lerner's restaurant?"

"Oh, goody, goody!" shrieked Harriet.

So Mother knew that that meant Harriet liked the plan very much.

It did not take Mother and Harriet long after breakfast to get ready. They liked to start early when they were going shopping, so as to be in the stores before crowds of people came and made it hot and uncomfortable while they did their errands.

Harriet did not carry her pink sunshade to-day. Mother said it would be in the way downtown, where there were high stairs to climb and a great many people on the streets to jostle against them.

After a short walk down one street and over another, they came to the Elevated Railroad station. In Harriet's city the streets are so full of wagons and trolleys and motor-cars, and there are so many, many people who must travel long distances from their homes every day to get to their offices and stores and schools, that the men who make the railroads have to build some of them up in the air and some of them down under the ground! Just think of that! Under the ground they dig a long, long tunnel and lay the tracks through the tunnel, and the trains go swiftly back and forth in this long hole in the ground; and when little boys and girls ride in these underground cars and look out of the windows they can't see anything except the sides of the tunnel and the lights flashing by — no shops or horses

or people or trees or anything. The railroad under the ground is called the "Subway."

There is another kind of railroad made of tracks and trains high up on great strong bridges miles and miles long through the streets. This is called the "Elevated Railroad." People often call it the "L." Harriet and her Mother were going downtown on the "L."

First they had to climb a long flight of stairs. This was slow work for Harriet's short legs. When they got to the top they stopped a minute to get their breath again. Then Mother paid the fare through a little opening in a window where a woman or a man sits all day and all night to collect fares. Then the woman unlocked the turnstile and Mother passed through it, but Harriet walked under a rail, be-

cause she was so little Mother did not have to pay a fare for her.

Now they were out on the long platform and soon the train came rushing in and they got aboard. As soon as all the passengers were in the cars, the guards on the platforms at the ends of each car slammed the gates, to shut the people in; then one guard after another reached up and pulled a rope which rang a bell to tell the motorman, "All right! Go ahead!" Then the train started.

Harriet climbed up on the seat and kneeled with her face toward the window so as to see everything they passed as they flew along. It was such fun to be up so high that you could look into third-story windows of people's houses or stores. Sometimes there were little children looking out of those high windows. Sometimes Har-

riet looked into a big room filled with men bent over sewing machines making coats and trousers. Sometimes she saw a room filled with girls at desks, typewriting as fast as they could make their fingers fly. Once Harriet caught a glimpse down a side street of a roof which some little children's father had made into a nice outdoor playroom. The roof had a fence around it, so the babies could not fall off, and there was an awning over the top, so it would not be too hot; and the children had their toys out there, and plants growing in boxes, and it was really a lovely play place for little city children, but of course not *half* as nice as the country.

Presently the guard called out, "Ellum and Dutton!" (He meant Elm and Dutton Streets, but the guards always said "Ellum.") This was the

station near the large stores, so when the train stopped and the guard opened the gates, Harriet and her Mother stepped out upon the platform. They walked very slowly down the long stairs and then they waited at the curb for a chance to cross the street.

It was a very busy street and a very noisy one at this corner. Overhead the Elevated trains every few minutes made a great noise. In the middle of the road the trolley cars ran so close together that there was a continuous "Clang! Clang! Clang!" of the motormen's gongs. There was a steady stream of heavy wagons and automobiles rumbling and whizzing by. There were people crowding down into the Subway. No wonder there had to be a mounted police at the corner to keep the wagons and cars from get-

ting all snarled up and the people from getting run over.

Harriet loved the mounted police. Their horses were so beautiful and so intelligent. The officers were so big and handsome, their uniforms so splendid, and they sat so straight upon their horses. They stood in the midst of the roar and the rush and with one lift of the hand they made all the drivers and motormen stop their cars instantly to let a little girl and her Mother pass in safety across the street. When Harriet's fairy tales told about a mighty king or emperor whose slightest wish was instantly obeyed by his subjects, she always thought of her beloved mounted police.

When Harriet and Mother had safely reached the other side of the street, they found themselves almost at the big front door of Lerner's store

where Mother always did most of her shopping.

This morning they went first into the shoe department. They sat down on the slippery leather seat and Mother bought for herself a pair of low shoes having rubber soles and heels. This is the best kind of shoe to wear if you are going to climb over slippery rocks in Maine. Harriet had to have a pair of "sneakers" too.

Then they went down to the basement of the store. This was an immense place. You could buy trunks, toys, kitchenware, bathroom supplies, tools, lamps, china, dishes—it would fill a book to tell all the things in Lerner's basement.

Mother was buying supplies this morning for the bungalow: paper towels and napkins, wooden plates for pic-

nics, cooking dishes for the kitchen, and many other things.

All these supplies, with what Mother would buy in other departments, would be sent by Lerner's shipping department up to a little town in Maine where Captain Barber's steamboat would get the supplies and carry them over to the bungalow.

When Mother had finished shopping in the basement they started to go upstairs.

"Oh, Mother!" said Harriet, "please let's ride up on the revolving stairs."

So they went to the place where one could step on to what looked something like a narrow chain sidewalk, which did not stay still, but which was moving uphill all the time. And when you stepped on this sidewalk, you did not have to climb at all; you stood still and the walk itself climbed. When

you got up to the main floor you stepped off the funny stair, and there you were. Harriet loved it. Her Mother would not let her ride down on this revolving stair, for fear she might get dizzy and fall.

Next Mother and Harriet got into the big elevator and rode up to the fourth floor to the furniture department. Mother wanted to buy two big, comfortable willow chairs for the bungalow living-room. While Mother was making up her mind what to choose, Harriet thought she would try to sit in every chair in the furniture department, but, dear me! It would have taken her almost all day to do that, Mr. Lerner had so many chairs to sell. There were drawing-room chairs and library chairs and dining-room chairs, bedroom chairs, kitchen chairs, and office chairs, leather chairs, satin-cush-

ioned chairs, rocking-chairs, babies' high chairs, red, brown, yellow, and green chairs — and that is n't half the kinds there were in that great huge chair department! Harriet's knees were all tired out with climbing by the time Mother had decided on her chairs, and when they came to their next stopping-place Harriet was glad to sit still on the stool by the counter while Mother chose the flowered cretonne which was to cover the cushions for her chairs.

In other departments they bought middy blouses for Harriet and for her Mother too, and thread and needles and pins and writing paper and envelopes and stockings and other things beside.

At last Mother said, "There, I 'd better stop, or Father won't have money enough left to buy our tickets to Maine!"

But of course Harriet knew that Mother was joking. Father always said they would go to Maine if they had to go barefoot!

Now it was lunch-time, so, after tidying up in the ladies' dressing-room, they got into the big elevator again and were carried up to Lerner's restaurant on the fifth floor. A great, big room was filled with little tables covered with shining silver and pretty dishes. There were many ladies and a few gentlemen and some little children at these tables. There were neat-looking waitresses flying here and there bringing trays of food to the people.

Harriet and Mother found a seat near a window. If you looked out of the window the "L" seemed very far below, and the people on the sidewalks looked very small.

Soon a pretty waitress brought a

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card on which was printed the names of all sorts of good things to eat. Mother chose from this card Harriet's favorite soup, then tomato and lettuce salad, rolls and butter, milk for Harriet and tea for Mother — and strawberry ice cream for both!

Oh, but that lunch tasted good! Harriet was just as hungry as if she had n't stuffed herself at breakfast-time. The pretty waitress smiled when Harriet gave a little squeal on seeing the ice cream. There was n't one speck of pink cream left on the plate when Harriet had finished with it, you may be sure.

After lunch Mother said, "If you 're not too tired we might walk along looking into the windows a little while before we go home."

Of course Harriet was not too tired, so they went out into the noisy street

again. It was even more crowded than it had been in the earlier part of the morning, so many people during the lunch hour were hurrying to their eating-places. Suddenly Harriet heard at a distance a furious "Clang! Clang!" and the people exclaimed, "Fire!" and Harriet's Mother quickly drew her into a doorway out of the crowd. Then you should have seen that street! The wagons and automobiles, quick as a wink, drew themselves close to the curbstone and stood still, the trolley cars stopped running, people who had been crossing the street flew to the sidewalks, and in an instant a fire engine dashed by and then came another and another engine, and it was perfectly wonderful to see them go so fast through that crowded street and not run over a single thing. Lots of the people ran after the engines, to see the

fire, but Harriet and her Mother kept close in their place of safety, and presently the cars started again and everything moved on as before the excitement.

They walked by the "5 and 10 cent store," a place Harriet loved, because it was so easy to buy Christmas presents there for a great many people, even if one were a little girl with not much money to spend. They did not go into this store to-day.

Next they passed a window all fixed up to look like a camp. There was a real tent with a flap open showing the cot and camp-chair and trunk and other furnishings inside. There were figures of men and boys dressed in campers' clothes, some of the figures cooking a meal, others fishing, others chopping kindlings for the fire. This window was to let people know that in this store you

could buy fish poles and tents and folding stoves and axes and khaki trousers and rainproof hats and everything a camper could possibly need. Harriet gazed a long time at this window.

A little farther on she gave such a shriek of delight that several people

on the sidewalk turned and smiled. It was a florist's window that pleased Harriet so much. In this window was a Japanese garden, which looked so exactly like the garden where Taro and Take, the "Japanese Twins," lived, that Harriet was too happy for words in looking at it. There was a little winding stream with tiny curved bridges crossing it, there were queer little tea-houses on little islands, there were tiny trees and tiny Japanese people standing in the garden, there were wee swans on the water — oh, it was a beautiful sight! Harriet drank it in with joy and Mother let her stand almost as long as she wished before saying:—

"Now, dear, I think we must go home."

Harriet, clinging to her Mother's hand walked along looking backward at little Japan, and when they turned

from a last look Harriet threw kisses back, for love of Taro and Take.

When they got into the "L," Harriet was too tired to care to look out of the windows and she was very willing to take a long nap when they reached home. After dinner she called for one story out of the "Japanese Twins," and then she was quite ready to be put into her little crib, where she dropped off to sleep before she had finished saying her prayers.

So this is the end of the Sixth Story about Harriet and what she did on Wednesday.

What Harriet did on Thursday

VII

THIS IS THE SEVENTH STORY ABOUT HARRIET
IT TELLS WHAT SHE DID ON THURSDAY

I HATE dreadfully to tell you this story about Harriet, because I shall have to tell that on this day she was a very naughty little girl — oh, very naughty, indeed!

It began with her being waked up before she had had a long enough sleep. James, the janitor down in the

basement, blew a very shrill whistle on the speaking-tube.

Harriet awoke with a start. She began to cry. First it was a frightened cry, and Mother sympathized with her, but soon it changed to a cross cry.

While Mother was washing her face, Harriet cried again because she said Mother got soap in her eyes. Dear Mother answered gently: —

"There is no soap in your eyes, dear. I have n't put a bit of soap on the wash cloth yet."

But Harriet insisted that her eyes smarted from soap.

Then, when Mother combed her hair, softly and carefully, Harriet cried again and said Mother was pulling awfully.

Mother took no notice because she knew Harriet was very tired, and she

hoped her little girl would feel better after breakfast.

But at the breakfast table there was more trouble. First Harriet accidentally tipped over her glass of milk. The milk made a great pool on the clean tablecloth and ran down on Harriet's pinafore and the dining-room rug.

After Mother had dried the wet things and had taken her seat at the table again, Harriet dropped her porridge spoon on the carpet. Then Mother said: —

"Dearie, be careful! You are very careless this morning."

And Harriet answered crossly, "I don't care!"

Then Father looked sternly at her and said, "Harriet!"

That made Harriet sit up and behave herself for a while, because Father

had a way of saying "Harriet!" or "John!" or "Sam!" or any other name that would make even a big High-School boy shake in his shoes if he'd been bad.

When Father went off to school Harriet did not run to the window to wave good-bye to him.

The next disagreeable thing she did was to get all her playthings out and strew them over the floor, leaving many of them near the door so that Mother had difficulty getting in and out of the room.

Finally Mother said: —

"Your toys are in my way here, Harriet. Please move them away from the door."

Then Harriet answered, quite loudly: —

"I won't!!"

Yes, she actually did say that

naughty thing to her dear, kind Mother! Would you believe a nice little girl could say such a thing to her Mother? But Harriet really did!

Mother was so astonished that she could hardly believe her ears. Then she said: —

"Why, *Harriet Ames Robertson!* What is the matter with you this morning? What has happened to my little daughter?"

Harriet answered promptly: —

"I got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning, like the Cock and the Mouse!"

I must tell you what Harriet meant. Not long before she had received a present of a little book called "The Cock and the Mouse and the Little Red Hen." The book had many droll pictures in it, and the story, Harriet thought, was perfectly delightful. It

told about a Cock and a Mouse and a Little Red Hen who lived in a little white house on a hill. One morning the Cock and the Mouse were very naughty and the good Little Red Hen had lots of trouble with them. Finally a bad Fox got into the house and carried away in his bag the Cock and the Mouse and the Little Red Hen. Then the Cock and the Mouse were sorry they had been so bad; and the Little Red Hen got them all safely out of the bag, and after that the Cock and the Mouse were as good as gold.

The story had explained that the Cock and the Mouse got up on the wrong side of the bed that morning and that was the reason they were so cross.

So Harriet thought she could explain her naughtiness to her Mother by saying the same thing.

But Mother answered: —

"Oho! So that is what 's the matter! Very well, then, I shall be the Fox and shall put you into my great bag until you decide to be a good little girl again."

Harriet looked a good deal interested and a little bit scared as Mother got the clothes-basket, lifted Harriet into it, and then covered her with newspapers, saying: —

"Now, when you are ready to be as good as the Little Red Hen you may snip your way out of the bag."

At first Harriet thought this was fun. Then she began thinking how bad the Cock and the Mouse had been, and how sorry they had felt when they were shut up in the bag, and she began to feel sorry too. Presently she cried a little, not a cross cry but a sorry cry, and she called out: —

"Now I'm good, Mother dearie!"

And Mother said, "Very well, Little Red Hen. Get out your scissors and snip a hole in the bag."

So Harriet made believe her fingers were scissors, and she made a hole in the newspapers, and jumped out of the basket, and ran to her Mother, her face all smiles, exclaiming: —

"Now I'm good, Mother, now I'm good!"

"Well, I'm very thankful to hear it," said Mother as she kissed her little daughter.

Harriet played quietly on the

floor for a time while her mother sewed.

Presently Harriet said: —

"Mother, I think I like stories of naughty people better than stories of good people."

Mother's face was bent over her sewing as she answered: —

"I have often noticed that, my dear."

"I think Daddy does, too, Mumsey," said Harriet. "He always laughs like anything at Pinocchio and the Elephant's Child and Brer Rabbit when they are naughty."

"But Pinocchio and the Elephant's Child were severely punished for their naughtiness and they reformed and became good," said Mother.

"But Brer Rabbit *never* was good," said Harriet; "and Daddy likes him the best of all."

Mother did not reply. Soon Harriet said again : —

"Daddy was a naughty boy himself when he was little."

"How do you know that?" asked Mother.

"I heard him tell Uncle Ned how he brought a calf into school one day, and Uncle Ned and Daddy laughed hard," said Harriet.

"But Father is very good now," said Mother.

"Well, he had lots of fun first," answered Harriet.

Mother hastily got up and went out to the kitchen to see to her cooking.

All the morning Harriet was as good as possible. At the lunch table she was most polite and careful, and after her nap, you would never have believed that Harriet's sunny face belonged to the same little girl as the one who had

cried so much and been so cross in the morning.

After Harriet's "forty winks"—that's what she called her little nap—she and Mother put on their fresh afternoon dresses and ribbons ready to go out in the sunshine.

"Where are we going this afternoon, Mother?" asked Harriet.

"We will go to the library first," said Mother, "and then perhaps we'll stop and see Billy."

"Oh, goody!" squealed Harriet.

So they walked down their quiet little street, and then along the noisy avenue of shops, and then down another quiet street to the nearest branch library. They walked up the steps into the big front door of the library, and Mother put her books down on the counter of the desk where a young lady stamped Mother's card to show it was

all right for her to go and get some other books. They walked around back of the desk and into the children's room, and Mother left her little daughter in the children's room while she went off to the grown people's shelves to find books for herself.

"What kind of a book would you like to-day, Harriet?" asked Miss Graham, the children's librarian.

"I want a big book, with lighthouses and whales in it," answered Harriet promptly.

"Very well, I think I can find you one," said Miss Graham.

But all the sea books in the children's room had been taken out by the other children, so Miss Graham went to the grown people's department, and presently came back bringing a large book which she put down on the table in front of Harriet.

"Don't try to lift this yourself, honey, or you may drop it and break it," said Miss Graham.

"No; I'll be *very* careful," said Harriet.

You see she was still being as polite as the Little Red Hen!

Harriet enjoyed the sea pictures so

much that she was not ready to go when Mother came for her.

"Oh, Mother, may I take this book home?" she begged.

"Not this afternoon, dear, it is so heavy," said Mother. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We will take its name and get Daddy to bring it home the next time he comes to the library."

Harriet's lips were getting ready to pout, but she suddenly thought that she was being the good Little Red Hen, so she made her lips look pleasant and said very sweetly: —

"All right, Mother dear."

Now they walked back up the library street for two long blocks. All the houses on this street looked exactly alike. They all had high stone steps up to the front doors. These were not apartment houses, but single-family houses, high and narrow.

Each house had a dining-room and kitchen in the basement, big parlors on the next floor, and bedrooms on the floors above.

Harriet and her Mother stopped at the house with number 668 on its front door. They rang the doorbell and soon heard small feet clattering along the hall. Then the door was opened by a little girl nine years old.

"Oh, Harriet!" cried the little girl; "I'm so glad to see you."

The little girl, whose name was Frances, hugged and kissed Harriet and her Mother, then led them into the parlor, saying:—

"I'll go and tell Mother you are here, Mrs. Robertson."

"Is Billy awake?" asked Harriet, as Frances turned to go up-stairs.

"No, but he will be before long," said Frances. "We'll have time to show

you our tent out in the yard before he wakes up."

Soon Frances's Mother came downstairs and greeted Harriet and her Mother. Then the two little girls went down into the tiny yard at the back of the house and there was the nicest little tent that ever you saw. Frances's big brother Arthur had set it up for his little sisters Frances and Margaret. This afternoon two little neighbors,

Priscilla and Betty, were playing with Frances and Margaret, and they were just getting ready for afternoon tea when Harriet and Frances arrived.

All the children were glad to see Harriet. The tent was just large enough to allow the five little girls to squeeze into it, and oh! how good the "cambric tea" tasted from the tiny pink rosebud cups and the wee pewter spoons!

After a while Frances's Mother came to the window and called: —

"Girls, Billy is awake. Do you want to see him?"

Indeed, they did want to see Billy. They hastily left the tea-party, not stopping to wash the dishes, and hurried up to the parlor.

There was Baby Billy on Harriet's Mother's lap; and when the little girls flocked around him he laughed and crowed with delight, clapping his dim-

pled hands and playing peek-a-boo and doing all his pretty tricks. He was the jolliest and friendliest baby you can imagine, and his sisters thought there never were such golden curls and such blue eyes and such dimples on any baby as on their Billy Boy.

It was very hard for both Harriet and her Mother to leave the lovely baby and all the nice people at Frances's house, but Mother promised they would come again soon and next time they would stay longer. So after hugs and kisses, Harriet started down the long stone steps with her Mother. She turned to wave to the little girls until she got down to the corner of the street; and there, because it was getting late, Mother and Harriet took the trolley car home to Daddy and dinner.

After dinner Harriet begged her Mother and Daddy to play the Cock

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and the Mouse and the Little Red Hen. Mother was the Mouse and Harriet was the good Little Red Hen. Daddy had to be first the Cock, then the bad Fox, then the Cock again. Daddy was such a rude Cock and such a fierce Fox, and Mother was such a naughty Mouse that Harriet, the Little Red Hen, privately resolved that she would never again be so bad as she had been that morning before she changed to the Little Red Hen.

And I hope she remembered her resolve, always, don't you?

And this is the end of the Seventh Story about Harriet and what she did on Thursday.

THE END

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